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WEDDING INVITATION ANNOUNCEMENT. SOCIETY—ART PRINTING. WESSEL PRINTING CO. ENGRAVING

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FAST MAIL ROUTE! MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY. 2—DAILY TRAINS—2. Atchison, Leavenworth, St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Louis and all points South, East and West.

A MODERN ROMANCE. The Heroine of a Thrilling Love Tale Rescued from the Lunatic Asylum.

The Lady Adela Fitz-Albany de Palisser at the age of 11 was weary of the hollow mockery of fashionable life and satiated with its empty pageantry. She scorned to revel in the wealth which others had garnered and longed for the independence of a self earned crust.

In the dead of night she stole noiselessly away from her father's castle, and ere morning broke, with the only hundred pound note she had about her, she purchased the scanty attire and the stock in trade of a homeless wandering flower girl.

"See, see!" whispered Sophia Argent eagerly, as her companion would have passed on with a contemptuous laugh. "See—she has pricked her finger with a rose thorn, and—she bleeds the blue blood!"

"Dearest," said he, in a tone thrilling with emotion, "brush those straws from out your hair and follow me to the hymeneal altar."

"This is too much," she sobbed. "It is for this I have pined these weary years. Dear Green, I am thine forever."

They were married; Green Brown having previously ascertained it was her twenty-first birthday, and in the fullness of time the joyous bridegroom bore his partner to her father's ducal hall.

An Insulted Bridegroom. "Is this the editor?" "Yes, sir. What can I?" "My name, sir, is Grumpy. I was married last week."

"Let me offer my congratulations, Mr. Grumpy. I am glad to see you. By the way, we published in this morning's paper quite a full account of your wedding."

"Yes, sir. I saw it." "You have come, perhaps, to order some extra cop?" "I have come, sir, for personal satisfaction. Your reporter asked for photographs of Mrs. Grumpy and myself to use in writing up the wedding, sir."

"Yes. Didn't he?" "He said he would have engravings made from them and run them in with the article he wrote about the affair."

"And some lord, wopper jawed, bow legged gourd head of a printer in this office mixed up the portraits, sir. You published me this morning, sir, in your advertising columns as a Tennessee barber who had suffered for fifteen years with a lame back and a sore throat, and had been cured by twenty-seven bottles of Dr. Billjaw's Compound Extract of Hankus Fankus; and you run the portrait of that infernal Tennessee barber in your account of my wedding, sir."

"I am on the warpath this morning, sir, bigger than a grizzly bear, and I am going to find the man that mixed those cuts and reorganize him from the ground up!"

In the excitement and confusion that followed some one hastily turned in a fire alarm, and it took the entire department and a squad of police to quench the fiery young man.—Chicago Tribune.

NYE IN CHICAGO. A Few Characteristic Remarks on the Lake City.

I came to Chicago from the east fearing that I would be shocked and pained almost constantly by the rudeness and ignorance of the masses. And I hate to be shocked. I have been reared so carefully that a few shocks would be fatal to me.

The Nyses extend back into the past for hundreds of years. They have occupied every position of trust all over the pages of the grocery history of their country. And so I was as pleased as a child when I entered this rough western town, so far removed from the great thoughtful emporiums and brain works of the thoughtful and tidy east, and found so much real merit, so much that we are fond of in the east, yet hardly expect to find so far west, where everything is, oh! so crude, and oh! so coarse.

Michigan avenue is a beautiful street. Max O'Reil says it reminds him of the Bois de Boulogne. That is just what it reminds me of, but I never could think before what it was till he spoke of it. At first I thought it was the Champs Elysees that it reminded me of. It is a much more desirable street for walking purposes than the Rue de Boileur or the Bois de West Side.

The Chicago river is one of the most desolate and arid streams I have observed. It has the same soiled and troubled bosom that one sometimes sees in the lower walks of life, and it moves very, oh, so very deliberately, like a man going to the train to meet his wife's mother, knowing that she does not approve of him.

Two million three hundred and eighty-two thousand cows were made widows here last year. Five thousand pigs per day also bite the dust, after having emitted a piercing shriek. One sees the pig gay, frolicsome, and with life before him. Anon we find him cold in death. His chest has a large hole in it, and a big, big chip gives his mouth a hard, set look. It is awful. And yet to see Mr. Armour there, with his sleeves tucked up above his dimpled elbows and the tips of his red flannels just showing roughly beneath, you would find it hard to say in your heart, "Here is a cold, cruel man. He fits here and there among the workmen, looking now at the breastbone of a Quiney shot to see if we will have an open winter, and then going on to where he is trying to keep up a cob fire under a hoghead in which he is smoking some of his justly celebrated hams."

"And are you fond of your work, Mr. Armour?" I asked, as he began to pull out the chain whippers of an adult hog. "Indeed I am," he replied. "It seems almost like play to me now. At first it made me very tired, and I yearned for something more remunerative, but it pays real well now. And though I feel very weary at night as I get home and put on my other clothes, I am sustained and soothed by the blessed assurance that I have made three millions of dollars, and that is worth making a sacrifice for. Of course it is pleasant to write thoughts for the paper and wear good clothes every day and call yourself literary than it is to assassinate hogs all day and go home smelling like a land rendering recital, but literature is not so remunerative. I am therefore content. My lot may not be so fragrant as yours, but it is not after all an undesirable one."



LINCOLN BRANCH OF Max Meyer & Bro., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in PIANOS and ORGANS. General western agents for the Steinway, Knabe, Chickering, Vose, Ernst Gahler, Behr Bros., Newby & Evans, and Sterling. Prices marked in plain figures—prices always the lowest for the grade of piano. C. M. HANDS, Manager. 142 North 11th Street.

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I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer as being a first-class remedy for Coughs and Colds, having used it in my own family with very great satisfaction. L. H. Bush, Des Moines, Iowa. Druggists, 25c., 50c., and \$1.00.

An Absent Minded Man. Cincinnati has the champion absent minded man. A gentleman living in the suburbs went in a store on Walnut street to make a few purchases. The only light in the store was a candle standing on the counter near the money drawer. After making his purchases he handed the proprietor a bill, and after returning him the change the proprietor walked to the rear of the store to arrange something, when suddenly he was left in the dark. He started toward the counter, and groping around it, found, not the candle, but the change. It struck him then that probably the man, in a fit of absent mindedness, had taken the candle instead of his change. He started out after him, and, catching up with him, saw that he had the bundle in one hand and the candle in the other. After apologizing for the mistake the stranger took the change and gave back the candle.—Chicago Times.

Concerning the Nobility. Doctor—I never have any trouble with my patients, thank heaven. Undertaker—Phaw! I saw one of them kick the other day. Doctor (angrily)—Kick? Saw one of my patients kick? Undertaker—Yes! The bucket.—Lowell Citizen.

Saving Wear and Tear. Miss Slimdick—A new boarder came while you were out—a young lady. Mrs. Slimdick (boarding house keeper)—Is she pretty? "Well, put an extra strip of rag carpet in front of her mirror."—Philadelphia Record.

Accounting for It. "You say your wife once published a magazine? I never heard of it." "Yes, she conducted one for five years." "What was it called?" "The Age of Woman." "That's the reason, then, why I never found it out."—Chicago Tribune.

She Advised the Impossible. "If you don't want me to know where you've been, Henry, when you come home this evening," said a wife to her late and somewhat demoralized husband, "you had better run up stairs when you are coming to bed." "Why sho, m' dear?" "Because, by running up stairs you will lose your breath."—Boston Courier.

Smart Wife—Don't worry, George. I wrote an article for the paper today, showing how to get up a family dinner for \$1, and I took it around and the editor gave me a dollar. Husband—That's a rare piece of good luck. What are you going to do with the dollar? "I'm going to try that recipe myself, and see if it will work."—New York Weekly.

A Grave Affair. Doctor—I never have any trouble with my patients, thank heaven. Undertaker—Phaw! I saw one of them kick the other day. Doctor (angrily)—Kick? Saw one of my patients kick? Undertaker—Yes! The bucket.—Lowell Citizen.

On the Reservation. Little Pimbrooke to Miss Payroy—See what a fine looking squaw that is. I wonder if she speaks English! Laughing Two-eyes—White woman put her peepose on this board. Make him her legs straight.—Judge.

